By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke yon now are all in *Metaline.* *Exit*

Enter two Gentlemen

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit*

Entr the three Bands

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had neere came heere.

Band. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if hee ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts,

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Bane. Faith ther's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh daggedge would but giue ſtay to cuſtomers.

Entter Lyſimachus

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginitiys?

Band. Now the gods bleſſe your Houour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that your reſorte ſtand vpon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome impunity ha you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the ſurgeon?

Band. We haue one heere ſir if ſhe would —
But there neuer came her like in *Metaline.*

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deede of darknes, thou wouldſt ſay.

Band. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well enough.

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and blood ſir, white and red, yon ſhall ſee Roſe, and ſhee were a Roſe indeede, if ſhe had but —

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a baud, no leſſe then giues a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Band. Heere comes that which growes to the ſtalke,
Neuer pluct yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after a long voyage at ſea,
Well, ther's for you, leaue vs.

Band. I beſeech your honour giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Band. Firſt, I would haue you note, this is an honorable ma

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, that I may worthily note him,

Band. Next, ihee's the gouernor of this Country, and a ma whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to him in deede, but how honorable he is in that I know not.

Band. Pray you without and more virginall fencing, will yo vſe him kindly? he will line yonr Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will doe graciouſly I will thankefully receiue

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Band. My Lord, ſhee's not paſte yet, you muſt take ſom paines to worke her to your mannage, come, we will leaue hi Honour and her together.

Exit Band.